

A Pure Product of a Perfect Process

BAKER'S BREAKFAST COCOA

is made from the best cocoa



beans, carefully selected, cleaned, roasted, freed

from shells and the excess of fat, and

then, by a perfect mechanical process, is

reduced to a very fine red-brown powder. It is ab-

solutely pure, healthful,

and makes a most delicious drink. Get the genuine with

our trade-mark on the package.

Registered
U. S. Pat. Office52 HIGHEST AWARDS IN
EUROPE AND AMERICA

Walter Baker & Co. Ltd.

Established 1780

Dorchester, Mass.

Have You a Camera?

If so, make photographs that are artistic and have a money value, by reading each month

PHOTO-ERA

The best magazine devoted to practical photography. Each number filled with beautiful pictures and helpful articles by advanced workers from all parts of the world. 15c a copy, \$1.50 a year. Less when clubbed with other magazines.

Specimen copy 5 cents, postpaid. Club offers of popular magazines sent on request. Address: PHOTO-ERA, 381 Boylston St., Boston, U. S. A.

FOR EVERY GUN

Every gun owner everywhere needs "3 in One" oil all the time. No other oil on earth is so good for lubricating lock, trigger, ejector, break-joints. It goes right into contact point, removes dirt and grease, reduces friction and makes every action part do its work easily, accurately, surely at the right time. Moisten cleaning rag with "3 in One" and rub inside of barrel. This removes all residue of burnt powder, prevents loading, pitting and rust. "3 in One" cleans and polishes wooden stock.

FREE Write at once for free sample bottle and "3 in One" dictionary. 3 IN ONE OIL CO., 42 A. K. G. B'way, New York City.

OLD COINS WANTED I offer \$100 for certain 1853 half dollars, \$1,500 for certain silver dollars, \$100 for 1894 dime, S. Mint. Thousands rare coins in circulation. Don't let any slip through your hands. Get posted. Send me only 4c for postage for large illustrated circular. H. M. MEHL, Coin Collector, Box 976, Fort Worth, Texas

Test "IMPERIAL" 30
an
In Your Own Home at OUR RISK

Thousands now in use!
Demand growing amazingly!
Housewives delighted!
The result surprises even themselves.

Direct from factory to you at
WHOLESALE PRICE.
Freight Prepaid.

Has exclusive features not on any other range—such as Stone Bottom, Odor Hood, Oven Thermometer, Ash Sifter, etc. Easy credit terms if wanted. Write today for Free Catalog and prices.

THE IMPERIAL
STEEL RANGE CO.
291 State St., Cleveland, O.

NATIONAL TOPLINERS

IT is high time for an admiring and grateful country to step right up and become better acquainted with Captain Archibald Willingham Butt, U. S. A., military aide to the President and a "native of Geawjuh, suh, and proud of it."

Since Taft became President, the Captain has been known to the public as a mass of smiles and a network of gold lace, which resided in big automobiles, ornamented the background of any scene upon which Mr. Taft might appear, and shone resplendent at every White House ball and afternoon tea. He has been set down as the carpet knight of glittering achievements and gabby gorgeousness.

But "Archie"—he denies that his full name is Archibald Willingham de Graffenried Clavering Butt—has done things that have established his reputation for sterner deeds than bending gracefully over a woman's fan or handling a cup of after dinner coffee with all the grace of a magician.

In the first place, when he was in active service in 1900, he revolutionized the method of transporting animals by ship. So well did his innovation work that the British army has adopted it. He was put in charge of a shipload of horses and mules to be transported from Portland, Oregon, to the Philippine Islands, and, as he stepped aboard the cattle craft, he was handed a bulky mass of orders instructing him how to handle the animals. The general purport of these papers was that he must put each horse and mule in a sling in its stall so that the rolling of the boat would not cause the beasts to lose their footing. This sling was made by a tail band, a belly band, and a shoulder plate, all so adjusted and tied to the sides of the stall that the horse or mule could neither fall down nor lie down. In fact, these slings held the beasts a little above the flooring of their stalls and let them sleep suspended in air. The theory on which this was done was that no animal could stand on its feet for thirty-five days, the time consumed by the voyage, and live.

No sooner had the ship lost sight of land than the Captain issued a blanket order that all the slings be done away with and that each mule and horse be given three feet of chain to its halter. It was rank insubordination, for he was going against the bulky mass of orders from his superior officers; but Archie spent his youth on a farm in Georgia, and he knew that when the water got too rough for a horse or mule to keep its footing it was time for mere man to contemplate the danger of going to the bottom of the sea. He also knew that a horse or a mule could stand on its feet and sleep on its feet almost indefinitely.

Luckily for him, the reform worked wonderfully well. He got the shipload of animals to Manila without losing one. Before that more than half of every shipload of horses or mules carried to the Philippines from this country had died on the way. The result was that the Captain was highly commended, and his plan was adopted by the army of the United States and by the British Government.

Few people remember that Archie accompanied former President Roosevelt on his famous ride of one hundred and six miles from Washington to Warrenton, Virginia, and return. The trip was made in fourteen hours and forty minutes, and the last sixteen miles were covered in a blinding storm of sleet and snow. The start from Washington was made at three-fifty o'clock in the morning, and the only thing Archie and the Colonel ate during the whole day was soup.

The morning after the ride Butt went to the White House and took occasion to step around in a lively manner, so as to disguise the fact that the long ride had made him stiff. Roosevelt, after watching him a few minutes, called him into a corner and said:

"Archie, I see you're putting up the same bluff I am, moving about quickly so as to hide your bodily discomfort."

That ride was made by Roosevelt to show that his executive order, requiring every officer in the army to ride a hundred miles in three days every year—thirty miles each day—was neither unreasonable nor unjust.

THERE has recently come to light in the Department of State a document which proves conclusively that solemn Elihu Root, Senator from the State of New York, has a sense of humor and a keen appreciation of the ridiculous.

When Root was Secretary of State, Charlemagne Tower, then Ambassador to Russia, was obsessed by the idea that American diplomats should have a costume to wear at foreign courts, and that this costume should match in brilliance and color the splendid trappings of foreign diplomats.

By James Hay, Jr.

Accordingly, he shipped over to Mr. Root a sample suit of the costume he had designed with great care, and with it sent typewritten specifications describing the varicolored confection. It was a work of art, composed of lace and braid and picturesquely assorted hues.

Mr. Root took one look at the sample suit, read the specifications carefully, and then wrote on the back of the document, "All this needs is a bottle of cologne to go with it."

Wherefore, American diplomats still appear at foreign courts in ordinary American evening clothes.

PRESIDENT TAFT'S card playing is confined to an occasional game of bridge whist; but, like most Americans, he knows the game of poker and considers it a great institution, in that it affords such ample opportunity for the display of judgment and brains.

To uphold his view, he tells this story:

A Governor of Colorado was playing euchre with a German. The German picked up his hand and remarked:

"Ach Gott! I wish we were playing poker."

"Well, what would you do if we were playing poker?" asked the Governor.

"I'd bet a hundred dollars on my hand," replied the German with enthusiasm.

The Governor took a look at his hand. "All right," he said, "I'll play poker with you on my hand if you'll give me that queen over there."

The German handed him the queen.

"Now," said the Governor, "I'll bet you a thousand dollars."

The German called the bet and showed down four kings. The governor showed four aces.

"Well, that's all right," said the German, handing over the thousand with an air of gloom; "but what I want to know is what you wanted with that queen."

THE REV. ZED H. COPP, probation officer of the District of Columbia, believes that Heaven has golden streets and palaces built of precious stones. He has preached a sermon to prove that this belief is correct.

REPRESENTATIVE BUTLER AMES of Massachusetts, who has invented an airship, owns the original yacht America,

which won the Queen's Cup in the races between American and British yachts before the Civil War. She was built in 1851 and owned by Ames' grandfather, Ben Butler. Nowadays, Ames keeps her lying in Chelsea Harbor and occasionally fits her up for a short cruise.

SECRETARY OF WAR DICKINSON, who is authority on lore and manners of the Southern negro, tells this story to show the colored man's quaint sense of humor:

John G. Lethar, a business man of Nashville, was walking along the street one day, when he met Silas Green, an old negro he had employed at various times. Silas seemed to be swathed in bandages from head to foot, and he was walking with a perceptible limp.

"Why, what's the matter with you?" asked Lethar.

"Lawd, Boss, ain't you done heerd de news?" queried Silas in disappointment.

"No," replied Lethar. "Tell me about it, Silas?"

"Well, Boss, you see, it was this way. Ah was paintin' a house roun' hyuh, an' Ah was high up on a scaffold. De scaffold broke, an' Ah fell. Lawd, Boss, it was awful, tur'ble! Ah broke this hyuh lef' wris', an' Ah skun my lef' laig up hyuh 'bove de knee, an' down hyuh jes' 'bove de ankle Ah broke my laig. An' Ah spec' Ah would hab done kilt myse' f ef it hadn' been fo' a pile ob brick what broke my fall some."

CHIEF WILKIE of the United States Secret Service has two fads. One is golf. The other is not talking about the measures he employs to protect the life of the President. He says that as soon as the newspapers print stories about how the President is guarded the publicity reminds "cranks" that here is an opportunity for them to make trouble.

WHEN Colonel Roosevelt was touring the West recently, the city editor of a Washington paper received a postal card from one of his newspaper friends on the Roosevelt train saying:

"Am touring the West with Teethadore."

REPRESENTATIVE JAMES FRANCIS BURKE, secretary of the Republican Congressional Campaign Committee, began life as a bootblack and newsboy in the streets of Pittsburgh. Now he is one of the ablest members of the Pennsylvania delegation and has an irreproachable taste in neckties. Burke's ties are famous in Washington.

THE INEVITABLE



Copyright, 1910, by G. G. Wiederseim

I'm feelin' awful funny,
I'm feelin' awful queer,—
A headache in my tummy,
An' a toofache in my ear.
I hadn't time to study
My lessons yesterday,
'Cause Pete an' Joe an' Buddy
Came over here to play—

An' now the school bell's ringin'!
Oh, dear! I feel so ill!
I telled my muvver 'bout it,
An' she gived me a pill.
She said, "Run on, Dear. You'll be late—
An' don't forget to shut the gate."
Don't you fink muvver's kind o' cruel
To send a poor sick boy to school?

—Margaret G. Hays